Tweets from Hell

Bianco Luno

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bianco luno

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hieronymus bosch / detail from *the garden of earthly delights*

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for all those...

foreword

Midway between angst-ridden notes of an adolescent and a geriatric's deathbed indictment of the world, these *leçons en ténèbres*, may be seen a result of having been shut down as a child for asking too many questions with the platitude that understanding one day would follow. Less familiarly, each day, for the rest of its life, this child makes a ritual of asking itself if *now* it understands. And each day the answer is no.

The former child came to wonder at their development. The practice is not conducive to "maturity." Did it halt early or were they lied to? Did senility overtake nonage? Or was it that they were misplaced where everyone lies without cease in the service of wanting to live, and this, their botched attempt at learning to assimilate, left them misabled?

Should those who fostered the misability be forgiven? For their willing victim fears they knew well what they were doing.

Some *leçons* (as he called them before twitter existed) first appeared as drafts at twitter.com/BiancoLuno during the years between 2010 and 2018.

~ Victor Muñoz, editor

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There is a bluebird in my heart that…

~ Bukowski

1

The more people crowd into a room the lonelier it gets.

2

Break it again. Sure cure for a broken heart.

3

Nudas veritas… nudity runs in her family.

4

A lie opposes not the truth but hearsay.

5

More truly mine than my pain nothing is.

6

I would not be so cheerful unsurrounded by misery.

7

S & M: sex and morality. The former holds the whip. Ethics is what it is because of sex.

8

Here we bang square pegs into round holes harder than elsewhere.

9

The arrogance of the aphorism is that it preempts the possibility of being gainsaid.

10

The epithet “human being” is nominal.

11

Instead, only clowns with variously configured genitalia.

12

No one likes me. They would have to like themselves a lot. That’s why I say no one.

13

Love means nothing. Get over it. Life means nothing. Get over it. Advice to the broken-hearted. Advice to the might-be suicide.

14

Ignorance comes to an end. It is mortal. Stupidity, godlike, never.

15

She is so finely wrought that were it not for the fact that he, not she, needs ethics, she would not need clothes.

16

Illusions should not be underestimated. They are hardy, may last lifetimes.

17

He is always guest in *her* house. Always hers, always *guest.*

18

Knowledge is extra strength, longer lasting, belief.

19

Breathtaking. Life is. It leaves you dead.

20

My words are cheap. They are priceless. That's why I give them away. You cannot afford them.

21

Maturity, *n.* readiness to rot.

22

I hold nothing up. I am the rust on the infrastructure of civilization. New ones will someday be grateful to me but not this one.

23

When not busy despising, I envy the living.

24

My blood runs cold. Warm, it runs sometimes, too. It runs, though, still.

25

Nobel Prize for hypocrisy. (As though the prize were not in that way already rich.)

26

Alfred Nobel was given the rare chance to hear the gossip at his funeral without having to die.

27

We have this to thank.

28

Imagine if Weininger had survived his youth. A conceptual impossibility but imagine it anyway. He would be me.

29

Life is immune to purpose.

30

Death trails time, healing all wounds in its wake.

31

Self-pity, *n.* the only kind there is. What we feel for others, felt for us, is unrecognizable.

32

Suicide is a supreme act of cowardice, thought Weininger. Living, as it is usually done, is too. He killed himself.

33

The universe empties its guts inside me.

34

My orbit eccentric and beyond repair.

35

Pessimist, *n.* someone who remembers what happened yesterday.

36

I have no excuse for me.

37

I broke my own heart. You were mere accessory. I am immoral.

38

Kant said in passing that in all of human history not a single moral act may have transpired.

39

An exceedingly large number of things must come together for the right thing to happen.

40

It is in the nature of understanding to misunderstand, to mount the insect for display.

41

A boy, I sat whole days in a dark closet with only the strip of light from under the door and clothes brushing against my head for company.

42

Existence was something needing rehearsal.

43

A clue is different from a rumor. A rumor needs others. You may have a clue alone in a closet.

44

M. L. King had a dream. I have a clue.

45

Important to have a clue. With a clue your suspicions can be founded.

46

God was free to have done it some other way, said Descartes, but He did it this way. So we are left with the consequences.

47

Little lumps of dough, each with a conceit to nourish, a little leavening. All creation half-baked.

48

They begin as tiny vortices of conceit. And mostly end that way, too. Some bigger than others.

49

Humans are not born.

50

It is not true that God created the world. Not because the atheists are right but because the world has not been created.

51

Nature nonchalant and unmotherly. God rapes her. Leaves.

52

Orphanicism, *n.* 1. general motherlessness. 2. the tendency to feel so. 3. worse, the conviction there is no other fitting way to feel.

53

Not since Descartes has there been so much suspicion in the air.

54

An answer is what happens when we lose patience with a question.

55

The point of morality is to insure that when our species becomes extinct it will be lamentable.

56

It is not the role of the philosopher to validate your terms with life.

57

Advice for a would-be suicide? Don't do anything you won't live to regret.

58

It says simply in one place, "Thou shalt not kill," but the whole rest of the book is about the ifs, ands, and buts.

59

Poetic justice, the only kind there is.

60

Even philosophers—even more than most—reek of illusions, requiring a bath in humiliation.

61

03:30, everyone either asleep or dead but for me and a few others.

62

A good philosopher paints himself into a corner.

63

Let’s put our finger on what is wrong with sex: we don’t say grace before and after, as though it was not the thing most requiring it.

64

Betrayal only works against a background of trust. And trust relies on appearance. It wants desperately to reduce everything to appearance.

65

It wants, like empiricism, to wipe all that is not apparent from the face of the earth.

66

It is not that our senses lie to us. Whatever truth they deliver is thrown out on arrival.

67

Truth is not a fact about the world. It is an act of desperation.

68

We will find a cure for cancer someday. After we invent a disease or disorder to replace it.

69

I am so spoiled by good fortune to be able to say such things.

70

I would be an atheist if I could remember what it is they are supposed to not believe in.

71

Rusty nails and glass shards packed tightly around his soul stuffed with conviction.

72

Everyday he practices suicide bombing. Remember, so long as he continues merely to rehearse no one is hurt.

73

He rehearses hard because he doesn't want to make a mistake. Your life depends on his high standards.

74

To feel as alone as he is.

75

It is a kindness to others to be hard on yourself so that their stray compassion may fix on an object.

76

You remark on their badness because it never measures up to what you are capable of.

77

You know you are capable of being better at worse. To notice is proof.

78

No need to remark on the badness of others. Only imagine things far worse than any they have done. And then not do them.

79

Sometimes you do bad just to show you are not all conscience and no action.

80

If only I could learn to suffer fools with grace.

81

I like to think Jesus enjoyed his suffering on the cross just a little. I don't think Mary, his mother, or Mary, his girlfriend, did at all.

82

The truth in "most men are criminals" may escape you. Mothers, especially, must hate the thought.

83

"Most men are criminals" because the demand for proof is slightly criminal. It misjudges the role of criminality in human development.

84

When I use the word "men," I mean the kind with external genitalia, not

the kind purported to have been created equal.

85

Guilt happens when you open your eyes.

86

Souls have plumbing. When it leaks you may guess what runs through it.

87

Lining the streets, injuries await insult.

88

The only thing wrong with the rich is that the poor pick up bad habits from them.

89

Worst of all: those in the middle: the would-be rich and the might-be poor.

90

Whose tenuous hold on sufficiency is just adequate to blind them to both dream and reality.

91

The poor we shall have with us always. The rich so long as the poor tolerate them, which, I fear, shall be always, too.

92

The truth should find expression in who we are and what we do. The good news is that this happens in spite of all effort at obfuscation.

93

It is hard being God. Eternal frustration. Those who believe in him don't fear him and those who fear don't believe.

94

Sometimes, rarely, the brain remembers, too, not just the muscles.

95

Don't ask me what truth is. All I know is that it smells. It is unmistakable.

More odor than fragrance. It reeks.

96

You don’t get to choose whom you vote for… That says it all.

97

Reality is good at presentation. Ideals interfere.

98

One of the weaker forces in the universe, anti-gravity prevents things from flying apart—instead, they drift apart.

99

Consciousness is separateness. In the East, mindfulness; in the West, gratitude. Parented by Gilgamesh on the death of Enkidu.

100

Why joke if they merely laugh?

101

It is all true except for the fictional parts. And even the true parts aren't all fictional.

102

I am among those who have nothing to say for themselves.

103

The moral code. By which I don't mean a set of rules to live by. I mean a secret script only the moral can read.

104

I have learned that what people used to be they still are.

105

"Man Comes Home, Shoots Children, Their Mother, Then Self." Headline template.

106

To give birth, a mother is transformed into a conduit of faith. Or her awareness is deadened by something that operates through her.

107

Faith makes zombies in reverse. It mows down death in its wake.

108

In defense of Adam Smith, Karl Marx was an idiot to think we might submerge our need to make ripples in the pond of our species being.

109

But Smith's invisible hand is indeed invisible. Only thieves earn their money. Everyone else is lucky.

110

The believer may shop for praying aids. The atheist must find creative ways to pray. The agnostic has no knees.

111

Optimism is good. I'm all in favor of optimism. Until something goes wrong, we should all be optimists.

112

Something unfathomably sad about the optimist visible only to others.

113

A little skin for sex, a little soul for love.

114

The heart clings from mortal fear. The mind is not a living thing.

115

Nudity *means* something. What?

116

Science, squeamish about nothing else, is squeamish about meaning.

117

The sigh of each breath, the object of each heart beat, the skin of thoughts, the curve of passion, the hardness and brutality of truth.

118

Stabbing a friend requires a much sharper blade than will do on an enemy.

119

Last count there were no people on earth.

120

Not only is God “dog” spelled backwards but is also known to play dead.

121

Children resemble their parents. Progress is slow for this reason.

122

I don’t really like children. Once one myself. If you could remember what they thought of us, you wouldn’t like them either.

123

Idealism has many secret admirers.

124

Why bother with secrets? All plain as day and still nobody gets it.

125

The light at the end of the tunnel flickers alarmingly. As though it were only a candle.

126

Mercy is connected with suffering in this way: first you suffer, then you are eligible to wait in line.

127

Even Emily—her triple lenses borrowed from God—could see nothing of what disturbed her heart.

128

My soul leaks here.

129

Like the smile on the face of the dead man who, having worn out darker expressions from overuse, had only this left to wear.

130

Before she could possibly have valued me for anything I would be or do,

my mother did anyway.

131

As with other things, I am not allowed to believe in magic.

132

Spring mocks you. In summer all is mockery. In the fall everything is sympathetic. In winter sympathy becomes tiresome.

133

Everything deserves to live. All but consciousness aware of itself living.

134

In 1892, a man in East Prussia nailed his feet to the ground, then his left hand with his right. His lonely hand set out to stab his body.

135

The *NYT* reported, “His wife found him unconscious. In spite of the severity of his injuries he may possibly recover.”

136

Crucifixion done properly is a social construct.

137

Tweet to God. He alone answers tweets.

138

Truth neither corresponds to nor coheres with anything. It is not especially useful either. And it is as easily dissed as pain.

139

The truth ministers. The pastoral theory of truth.

140

In another life, I was a shepherd. In this one, a lone wolf.

141

The human things protected from my abuse are invisible.

142

Science teaches us to turn over each rock to see what is under, forgetting, as we do, that a rock was covering it.

143

“One day you will understand,” I was told. Age has not dulled my youthful disquiet. It has annealed my every juvenile conviction.

144

The day came when I understood what they meant. “Belief will come and stupefy your scruples,” to paraphrase, as James did Pascal.

145

“Let me but seem to be till I may be…” Goethe’s prayer.

146

Belief, like alcohol, has little effect on me. All I know is that religion is sold in wine—and science in beer—bottles.

147

We live in an age of beer.

148

You can guess that I don’t drink. Or believe. Or even doubt. I barely register on a Cartesian scale of existence.

149

Not quite true. I drink socially. But since I am almost never social I almost never drink. The only way I can stand them.

150

I came to see others as drunks. My choice was between autism or alcoholism.

151

My insight today: no wonder I don’t exist, I’ve gone days without a word to anyone.

152

Poor stranger wayfaring on the path of endarkenment… nothing here for the yoga people.

153

“Jesus Christ!” said Mary when she heard what her son was up to. Mary had a clue, not a little lamb.

154

Morality is a clip-on tie.

155

Why your health is important even when your survival is irrelevant.

156

I find morality entertaining. This makes me evil.

157

Consciousness offers these options: brutality, hypocrisy, or insanity.

158

Survival would be a good thing if what led to it were good. Is it?

159

Except for the truth, most insults lose their impact on repetition.

160

Skin is skin deep. Sex, much deeper. The deepest thing of all is nowhere near the body. It fails the location game.

161

Love is the expression of the endeavor. Tragedy is the lucid perception of what is typically effected.

162

What, at best, is effected is mutual pity. It may be that we underestimate the nobility of pity.

163

Poverty is a good thing not because it brings particular joy but because it limits possible harm in its wake.

164

Flowing river water fills me with sadness. Some is fated to be lost at sea

and some to be still and stagnant in a swamp.

165

When they don’t have money, corruption afflicts them because they don’t have it. And because they do, when they do.

166

Meaning travels faster than the speed of light.

167

In the moments after words leave my mouth and before they enter your ears they change.

168

Philosophers make a living in their spare time. They have no spare time.

169

The just distribution of suffering. If the day comes when suffering becomes scarce, we will fall off this bridge.

170

Here's the problem: even if we knew exactly what was wrong with the world and exactly what would fix it, we wouldn't do it.

171

The most we can wish for anyone: "I hope you die… of natural causes."

172

War tires and stops. Not for any reason. Certainly not because it is won, or lost, or realized its unwisdom.

173

In a representative democracy, the fear is, constituents are represented.

174

The pit shrouds itself in sweet flesh to shield its vulnerability.

175

The sweet flesh takes bruises and gives itself up to lovers of sweet flesh.

176

The pit ends exposed and discarded.

177

The death penalty is not a good idea. But since we have it, it should be used to greatest effect: for executing highly-educated criminals.

178

The others don’t stand a chance of learning anything from it.

179

A fine education is required to devise a crime worthy of the punishment.

180

You know you have won when you have lost utterly. When even the sun going down reminds you of when it was coming up.

181

Stupidity is not complicated. It is almost as simple as the truth and almost as brutal.

182

I console myself knowing that my error is finite.

183

“Meaning” is a strange word. It has no uncircular definition in the dictionary.

184

Breathe. For survival if nothing else.

185

He wants to re-enter a place like the one he exited as a new boy, but only a small part of him still fits.

186

Ethics, the purest aesthetics. Logic, naked morality. And logic is filthy with desire.

187

A nation of great wealth is easy to spot. Note the utter poverty. (After Plato.)

188

Voting: how can it be that in a democracy a multitude of opinions can be reduced to one or two—and this celebrated as success?

189

The mockery of democracy. Its charm lies in a multitude which exists only to reduce itself to one.

190

Owe the dead. Owe them the invaluable lesson of what happened to them. Those who “die so slowly, that none call it murder.” (Coleridge)

191

Democracy exists because individuals are not to be trusted. It limits just how much we need to invest in one. We spread eggs around.

192

The basket is never full.

193

Funny how a simple majority of liars and cheats can be trusted when any

one of them may not.

194

If the young soldier is cannon fodder, women and children are just fodder.

195

Good intentions pave all roads. All roads lead to the bluebird's mouth.

196

Not half as bad as it is made out to be, hell is, I can say. I vacation there.

197

A ladder is a good prop behind a portrait. It suggests you are prepared.

198

"They all find God when they learn they will be executed." Sometimes executioners find God. God is ever lost. Another of his canine traits.

199

My problem with voting is that it is not intimate. It is a shameless show of modesty.

200

It cheapens my opinion to share it with you.

201

I mince words.

202

“Let’s face it, I am not a good person,” said the murderer.

203

I vowed long ago to say only things that would jeopardize my career if I had one.

204

“I’m not a very good writer but I’m an excellent great writer.” To rephrase Miss Stein.

205

If only these were my opinions, but I am not so modest.

206

The past never goes away but it also never comes back.

207

I try to be helpful. I don't pretend to solutions. But I point out non-solutions when I see them.

208

The vice of philanthropy is the wealth required of its practice.

209

Axiom of political philosophy: avoid concentration of power. Snow in hell sticks better than ethics in such environments.

210

Very important not to be something you're not. Last time I was something I wasn't, I wasn't.

211

We don’t learn from history because what is done is done and we have more to do.

212

Careful not to be anachronistic in our judgments. It serves no purpose but self-congratulation.

213

It is the living who oppress us, not the dead. The dead are finished oppressing.

214

Those who agree bore me. Those who don’t are wrong.

215

The plan is that I should write only words worthy of the trees felled to spread them.

216

Political philosophy is what ethical failure looks like.

217

I am a bit of bad weather. I will pass.

218

Philosopher, *n.* worm can opener.

219

An enriched problem is progress.

220

Money has rights. It wants to be deserved. It wants to range freely, not be caged. It was never meant to assure your comfort tomorrow.

221

Thus it is that people with money have rights. It rubs off on them a little like trace amounts of cocaine.

222

I am an amateur philosopher, that is to say, a *real* one. Money does not skew my premises.

223

Right, *n.* a concession by the more powerful to the less powerful out of fear that there will be blood.

224

Squint, *n.* a pretension to objectivity.

225

“Principle must be placed in the context of reality.” Reality is a toilet.

226

My business is to tilt at windmills. I am self-employed.

227

I will tell you anything you want to hear. I will even tell you what you don’t want to hear if you don’t want to hear it.

228

Humility, *n.* something others are generous in wanting you to have.

229

I’m a religious person myself. I believe in the need to believe. I just don’t believe.

230

“When in doubt, believe.”

231

Believers abound.

232

A poem without beginning or end, line on line.

233

Elementary sex education. How many sexes? Two, victims and victimizers.

234

Survival is not a precept of ethics. Given a choice between being alive and being good, there is no contest.

235

I was my every school teacher's favorite. But I have never been able to be good except out of spite.

236

Peers, all dead or unborn, unsure which.

237

Reality, *n.* mereness devoid of haecceity.

238

His eyes emit rays that envelop mereness in romance.

239

She sees these rays and makes adjustments.

240

He finds her beautiful as a way of explaining why he is not insane to be so vulnerable.

241

The explanation does not stop his being insane.

242

Or she beautiful.

243

Or the rays.

244

Far out at sea, a rope amid the flotsam. At each end, a person clings.

245

Love is a distortion of reality. And reality is a distortion of nothing, in particular. Mere mereness.

246

The purpose of wealth is to avoid having to steal. In the future.

247

Morality goes begging. Reality shouts it down with cries of “survival.” Survival gets a pass by all but me—and poor suicidal Weininger.

248

A model of good work ethics, the successful criminal never sees the inside of a jail. The penal system is clogged with failures.

249

Rats are just persons like anyone else. No wonder they are so useful in medical research.

250

Way off, make out a human figure, slowly the form of a woman or a man, closer, see the human again, but without the figure.

251

Only the second human sighting is real. Not the first and not without having seen the woman or the man.

252

Sex plays a role in gender.

253

Sorry, I didn't mean to say anything true.

254

Too often suicide is botched. The right way, as with making love, is to kill yourself and not feel sorry afterwards…

255

…or worse, in advance.

256

At night, I wander empty aisles between carrels in darkened buildings where people in the day create your world.

257

I take inventory of their lives. The pictures, the little toys… I take care not to disturb these tokens while they sleep.

258

I make little noises in the night. I call it philosophy.

259

The poet's first concern is not to be transparent. The philosopher's is. But light falls on the poem as love does. Philosophy is unlovable.

260

Men are pathetic. And to think they are the greatest creations of women! There is no shame in pathos.

261

Attend to all sides. Not all deception is competent. (Fortune cookie.)

262

Read philosophy three times. First, for a clue. Then to begin to understand. Finally, to distort.

263

If it were possible to read minds, we wouldn't need to.

264

A small tweetless bird splashes in a puddle.

265

My ingratitude for not living in Syria. The puddle was just water, not blood.

266

Saw a doctor for an autopsy, not a physical.

267

Bridges behind all burned. No assurance of bridges ahead.

268

Bullets dodged on all sides. What there is of good news.

269

Merely to look at the flower degrades it. An imaginary flower is wilted in consciousness. Only artificial ones perdure.

270

Survival never has anything interesting to say for itself.

271

Sometimes something real is realistic, too.

272

Today, he was feeling atypically hale. He deserved a different pronoun. A good bullet-to-the-head-without-a-whimper day.

273

The law of identity is in error. A = A is not the case. I know. I teach logic. It only seems so.

274

Protagoras: man the measurer of all things. Woman the thing all is measured with. Whose fault the error?

275

Art is more significant than suffering. Without it there can be no expression of suffering, only mute still misery.

276

Never expect truthful advice about suicide from a living person. They are biased.

277

Unaborted, misconceived, we exist because our mothers wanted immanence and our fathers wanted transcendence, and each was too self-effacing.

278

Sanity demands corroboration. It is needy in this way.

279

Moralist rule of thumb: first you remind them of what their theory says, then rub their noses in their practice.

280

I solve philosophical problems by making them much bigger. A good problem engulfs its solution.

281

The arrogance of tears. No one asks their opinion.

282

I understand sadness. If only I could understand everything else that well.

283

Hate false modesty because, in your own case, it would indeed be false.

284

Until he discovered his idiocy, he was brilliant.

285

Hope, *n.* the romanticization of time.

286

Indecent for a person in a relative position of power to another to refuse the latter's offer of sympathy.

287

Solitude comes to me naturally. No need to seek it out.

288

Arrogance has survival value for him much as presumption has for her.

289

I believe in Robin Hood economics. But my motivation is different. I am overwhelmed with compassion for the rich. They suffer from money.

290

The poor do not need compassion. They have gotten by without it since time immemorial.

291

Racism is literally skin deep. Sexism is not.

292

Skin is skin deep. If it were deeper, we would drown in it.

293

If fetuses could speak, we might be surprised to learn their opinion on birth. I imagine it would vary as that of those near death on death.

294

Jarred into existence, no wonder they kick and scream. Until they get jarred out. (After Beckett.)

295

Injury often warrants insult. It kills you first then makes you stronger.

296

As strong as a dead man. The zombie explained.

297

The Buddhist smears the ego into a thin film over the universe, the Christian nails it to a cross.

298

Buddhism is relevant except for the short time we are alive. Whereas Christ was informing us of what would happen forever after death.

299

Pain is thereby shared, not owned. Or one dies of asphyxiation in three or less days nailed to a cross.

300

The self hogs pain all to itself. While the world starves for it.

301

Sky machines that kill bodies abroad and souls here.

302

Nostalgia for civilization will overtake us and duels will become fashionable again for settling disputes.

303

The future roots me more firmly in the past. Still, I have no memory of the future.

304

The Buddhist packages the self so small it fits into the moment, a space so small it holds nothing.

305

Ghosts do not require belief. That would cripple them.

306

Dense fog of ghosts. Everything comes here, dies, and never leaves.

307

Unspoken, unheard, it hardens into the unhearable, unspeakable.

308

140 characters at a time. Consciousness can barely stand more than that.

309

So vain, I probably think these words are about me.

310

Of all the ways one can be misunderstood, only one is correct.

311

Finally misunderstood correctly, to judge from the silence.

312

Who is well-advised? A missing page, mishearing, garbled translation, a typo, sloppy writing—and someone dies. (For Clarice.)

313

I am on a first name basis with certain dead people.

314

So much darkness between stars.

315

…puisque personne, jamais, ne peut donner l'exacte mesure de ses besoins, ni de ses conceptions, ni de ses douleurs,

316

et que la parole humaine est comme un chaudron fêlé où nous battons des mélodies à faire danser les ours,

317

quand on voudrait attendrir les étoiles. (*Madame Bovary*, chapitre xii)

318

Which love I more? My own or the darkness outside?

319

—Platero, si algún día me echo a este pozo, no será por matarme, créelo, sino por coger más pronto las estrellas. (*Platero y yo*, ch 52)

320

I hold my left hand with my right and say, “Everything is going to be ok.”

321

Sleep for me, dear rabbit, sadder in your animal heart than any human.

322

Traumatized by opposed mirrors in a barbershop, the reflections of his reflections frightened the boy to no end. *Spiegel im Spiegel*.

323

A few days later many would be dead.

324

Between his eyes and vertiginous infinity only his face, his only visible possession, what he took to be a self.

325

Self-aggrandizement then acquires a motive. If my “self” were any smaller, I would see to the end of the corridor in the opposed mirrors.

326

Into a well so deep that at night it drinks star light.

327

No love to be made.

328

Mirrors do not deserve faces.

329

Induction is fetching. Having won the lottery once, maybe twice, and squandered it, I sit waiting again.

330

Induction works because we learn and forget. It works to see us off down a blind alley.

331

Venus is always transiting.

332

Listen to what people say very carefully. They speak truth. Lies are in the ears of the hearer.

333

A woman the other day said to me her life has been happy and that she didn't have any problems.

334

She believes in Hell. I'm sure to go there for not believing her. Yet I fear

she was telling the truth.

335

She will do well to keep a distance from me.

336

I believe in guilt, not God. God has no shame.

337

Hard compatibilist, *n.* the view that determinism and free will are not compatible—and yet compelled to be.

338

The lame walk.

339

The deaf can talk and chew at the same time. They have hands. They are not disabled.

340

The blind are blind to us all.

341

Psychopaths were put here to shame us sometimes with their compassion.

342

Everything is something else. Only the dead are what they are and nothing else.

343

There is a serious population problem with zombies.

344

The dead are anything but dead.

345

But for death, life is meaningless.

346

Fictional. Not quite real. Still, unreal enough to resemble me.

347

Say that you are lying to them before you say anything. That they may believe you.

348

The darkness is easier made out in broad daylight.

349

I write for a living. Literally. No money involved. It helps me breathe.

350

Moral progress happens on an evolutionary time scale.

351

I write, then, for posterity: that someone someday will know that at least some of us had a clue.

352

I don’t know that it ever occurred to my mother but ever since I was born I’ve been thinking about abortion.

353

Truth never counts on deafness and blindness.

354

Apologize in advance. That’s what the old “original sin” idea was all about. You either knew what you would do or you were idiotic.

355

There is something both evolutionarily and metaethically resonant in the idea of original sin.

356

Shall I be “I” today or “we”? Yesterday I was “you.”

357

Shall I be arrogant, royal, or pretend to be you?

358

Paradox of empathy: either destroy by engulfing them or leave them just out of arm's reach so you can pity them without pitying yourself.

359

Romanticide, *n.* 1. suicide for romantic reasons. 2. death by another's romanticization. O. Weininger: "Love is murder." See pedestalization.

360

Pedestalization, *n.* a kind of political romanticization. Romanticide on a genocidal scale.

361

She knows I made her up.

362

Truth does not ingratiate itself with anything long enough for people to feel it worth paying for. Only lies take your money.

363

Truth is not hygienic. It collects under your finger nails, under your bed,

under the rim of your toilet, in your belly button.

364

Janitors, house cleaners, garbage haulers, diaper changers deal in truth. Not philosophers.

365

Two babies, in diapers, young philosophers discussing free will and determinism. One says, “Shit happens.” The other, “I *make* shit happen.”

366

Alone these blossoms grace their setting but not together this vase.

367

Wouldn’t it be nice if, knowing you, and if it were legal, no one wanted to murder you?

368

We owe science for making the world increasingly more, not less, mysterious each day. That or curiosity wanes.

369

At this rate, one day we will revert to superstition.

370

Passion distorts personality. Say what you want about them, zombies have healthy personalities.

371

I want to write a pure love letter, untainted by reality.

372

Genius seducers, unlike merely talented ones, are harmless. They are their own first victims.

373

Unvictimized planets orbit distant stars.

374

I do not smoke. I watch someone across the street solicit a light from a passerby. Long conversation. Makes me long for cancer.

375

Plot to eliminate one’s place in other people’s lives.

376

On a shelf, fragile, and perched on the brink. Surprise at surprise at what happened.

377

Concentration camp for the unhappy at the imperfect.

378

“My baby just cares for…” Bach. (Nina Simone)

379

To give birth is no less morally tendentious than to abort.

380

Worse? Those who asperse our right to life or our right to die? Who counsel against abortion or against suicide?

381

Just because nature threatens to use your body to further its plan does not by itself morally absolve you of the decision to cooperate.

382

Had I been born yesterday, I might have an excuse.

383

Seventeen is a magic number. It is the number of times you have to be told things before you remember.

384

Eighteen is magic, too. It makes you forget, thus making the numbers after possible.

385

Moral mathematics: it is not true that the set of natural numbers is infinite. The set, as we will ever know it, is finite.

386

There will always be just so many and no more.

387

The past recedes into the darkness the future comes from.

388

I repeat. No one listens. The poor should give to the rich. The rich are truly needy. The poor by definition are used to doing without.

389

We vote to effect an outcome, from the pleasure of velleity, or from a solidarity with larger selves. Each motive suspicious.

390

The first does not pan out mathematically. Mass elections are superfluous. One hundred thousand or less decide. The rest engage in ritual.

391

The second is only as moral, as productive, as masturbation. That is to say, it relieves tension.

392

Solidarity, the most eleemosynary of motives, so successfully self-effaces that a dictator, a monarch, a force of nature would do as well.

393

Autocracy shall be in vogue again.

394

Cretins, felons, children, cats, geraniums, dice, etc. should vote. The outcome won't mind and the experience of voting would be ecstatic.

395

Voting should become a religious experience. Not like Sunday morning but like the anchorite's in the throes of paroxysm.

396

It would disperse the fanciful burden of responsibility.

397

Voting is not like praying. God listens.

398

I tell you I am being morally responsible in insuring my financial future by buying lottery tickets. You tell me I should vote. Do the math.

399

The trouble with atheists is that they have no one to blame.

400

It’s hard believing all here were born on the planet. I can’t be the only one who wasn’t.

401

I imagine people suffer more than they let on. But how can that be? How could this be underestimated?

402

Up all night, worried there was damage to do that I didn’t get to.

403

Innocence born of sin, breeds more of itself. Robbed of either, robbed of all.

404

It is sometimes good to be awake in the night. In this way, others may sleep.

405

His last words were uttered postmortem.

406

“This is a mistake,” I muttered postpartum.

407

Not sure why people sometimes refer to what they do for money as “making a living.” What has “living” to do with “money”?

408

The poor must be dead.

409

Driven, he loved to work, and he became wealthy and then gave all his money away to others who preferred to occupy their time differently.

410

That was in a different life. In this one, he is one of the others.

411

Half psychopathic. Half paranoid. Each squats in the other's obsession.

412

Not at all sure that philosophers do anything to make the world better. Yet surely a bystander contributes something to an accident?

413

Not certain the world wants being made better, but philosophers will not be the ones to do it if it does.

414

A philosophical problem? If it has a solution, it is probably just science anyway.

415

At our birth, she had god-like powers over us. She was a benevolent god. But nothing in the moral universe required her to be.

416

Perhaps you've had the experience of absentmindedly walking into the wrong restroom? That's how it was for me when I was born.

417

Schopenhauer's mother, Johanna, never let him forget that her books made money while his gathered dust.

418

His resentment was wrong. Dust is the more durable mark of achievement.

419

Cioran's mother said if she had known what he would write she would have aborted him.

420

My mother said giving birth to me nearly killed her.

421

I was nearly born a murderer.

422

“Maybe I’m missing something,” I mused, as I was being born.

423

Born apologetic, I must have done something really bad in a previous life.

424

Life would have to be more heroic than it is for suicide to be less so.

425

Dictionary, *n.* where words go to die.

426

Wit, *n.* failure to understand.

427

Election, *n.* cyclic disaster endemic to democratic climes.

428

Hurricane, *n.* political phenomenon associated with high winds.

429

…romantic on a first come first serve basis…

430

Not so much anti-American as pro-civilization.

431

Power, *n.* another name for corruption. Like donkey for ass. Spread thin by democracy. Supposed a good thing.

432

Power outage, *n.* pre-condition for the spectacle of truth.

433

Original sin did not begin when she bit the apple but when *he* did. After questioning her, the buck started.

434

Slaves talk a lot about freedom.

435

Reminds Callicles Socrates of philosophy, “An art which converts a man of sense into a fool.”

436

Explains why men of sense abound and fools are scarce.

437

The vice of fools is not their stupidity but their ingratitude. They excel at taking modesty to heights of arrogance.

438

I’m not religious. It’s just that the world makes me uneasy.

439

What I like about science is that it is content with so little.

440

God may or may not exist but agnostics certainly do not.

441

Not all die of natural causes but almost all are born of them. How can this be?

442

Love mars kindness. Its alchemical power threatens God with his inner devil.

443

Crippled by the heartbreak of the one whose heart you broke.

444

Vote, *n.* insult added to injury, immorality to worthlessness. Done as though nothing depends on it, when, in fact, nothing does.

445

Work, *n.* a distraction from what you should be doing.

446

No different than most, philosophy professors are irrational. Elsewhere it is inconspicuous.

447

Philosophy is second only to motherhood as the most lavish of hobbies.

448

Voting is political quackery—the homeopathic water memory remaining after repeated dilutions.

449

One day I will write a long piece about the mothers of philosophers. About Kant's mother, Schopenhauer's mother, Cioran's mother.

450

Writers cannot be great until thoroughly dead—dead long enough for copyright to be worm-eaten. Only the public domain validates greatness.

451

Venomous with truth, I lace lies.

452

Middle class, *n.* pretty much everybody. No one dares be anything else.

453

We have homeless people who are middle class. We have billionaire middle class people. No one is “lower” and no one is “upper.”

454

Friends without benefits.

455

Sadness feigns itself. No affect is so nimble.

456

Vote! Propitiate! “Sacred right” or “sacred rite”? Chuck a virgin into a volcano.

457

Sleepless, I think Berkeley right. *Esse est percipi.* Someone has to keep an eye on things so they’ll still be here in the morning.

458

Merely acknowledging I am from another planet counts for so little—so many planets to be from.

459

It is a relief, still, not to be from this one.

460

Becoming a stereotype was an early career choice. It was ambitious. Death will bring me up short.

461

Humans, like most bacteria, are not visible to the naked eye.

462

Absurdity endears reality.

463

Each in isolation engages you. In groups, they live up to stereotypes. Fear of being alone enables them.

464

Diagnose oneself, invent disorders as needed, propose treatment, have it fail. You die before others do it so well.

465

I used to be homeless until I caved. The truth rained cold. I lie warm and dry in my stone den on a bed of lies.

466

Jesus Christ was no American.

467

Or he would have taken full responsibility for his crucifixion instead of pretending to forgive those who knew well what they were up to.

468

Naturalist, *n.* in philosophy of science, someone who thinks human knowledge claims should be consistent with the results of science.

469

Quietist naturalist, *n.* Someone who notices that they are—full stop.

470

Judgmentalist naturalist, *n.* A naturalist who goes on to judge people who make non-naturalist claims as intellectually or morally dishonest.

471

The extra step the judgmentalist takes lacks naturalist explanation. Damns are not things nature gives.

472

Reality lies prone, fetching, and receptive. Value inserts itself in the scene. Normativity, the rape of reality by value.

473

Science, inveterate virgin, wants to consort with that whore reality. The result is operatic.

474

God so made love to the world… but his enjoyment was imperfect. He was extremely happy and extremely sad at once. It ended too soon.

475

Post coitum triste. Un poco triste. A smidgen sad.

476

Is it a coincidence that tears are wet?

477

If God exists, it is pure coincidence.

478

Everything begins to feel like coincidence. The “Intelligent Design” people are right about the design part.

479

There is no difference between design and coincidence.

480

But intelligence? That is asking much?

481

At least be on a path to be misguided about.

482

Human beings do not exist (to repeat). They are self-inflictions. And no one dares yet. They are, in historical time, aspirational.

483

That is the real reason God cannot exist. No one exists to believe in him.

484

The caliber of beings lying about is deficient.

485

Read between the lines. The lines say nothing.

486

Poets everywhere. No one says what they mean. Words cease meaning. They occupy—squat, rather.

487

On the lintel above the door of the asylum: “We are *not* all in this together. I am in it alone.”

488

My mother nearly gave birth to me at a funeral.

489

The world ended early this morning. So much for the world. We are still here.

490

To the naked eye, humans are invisible… but eyes are never nude. Always dressed to the nines, no wonder truth escapes them.

491

Eyes unscaled, but quickly they grow back.

492

A fiction writer *malgré moi.* Scrape hard at things to get at fact, flay them dead, have only lies to show for it.

493

We hear about cynicism that it forestalls hope.

494

Adam Smith, who few read but many pretend to have learned their economics from, theorized against a background of great sanguinity.

495

Even more than Marx, he believed in our basic goodness. The hand became so hard to see that it indeed became invisible.

496

But poor Marx, what was he thinking? Meaning to do political philosophy, he did evolutionary biology.

497

Either we cease evolving or evolve past the point we feel more evolution is redundant. Assuming we will have time to do more of it.

498

They will appear first as *misabled.* A novel form of disability.

499

Indeed, they will be good for nothing. But nothing in itself then will take on value currently unfamiliar to us.

500

We are not alone. That doesn't mean we are with anybody either.

501

Bait and switch. Appearance does not lie. The truth is fast asleep.

502

By lingering—comatose, demented, and incontinent, we pay our respects to the sentiments of those who care for us.

503

Infants are shamelessly immoral. They look forward with glee to a life time of depravity.

504

God exists! Just as they say. And could have created the heavens and the earth, but forgot. Yes, God exists. Nothing else does.

505

Suicide by cop. Better to make others hate you enough to kill you. Less work.

506

I hate it when scientists talk like they know something the rest of us don't.

507

I am far too angry to be a philosopher. Too jealous of things to be a poet.

508

Be helpful. When you are useful to people it is easy to forget how little you like them. Wag your tail around them. Dogs know this.

509

It is too easy to bad mouth the dead. Why certain atheists annoy me.

510

A true Christian would go to hell to atone for our sins.

511

I am, you could say, the wrath of God, if only God were more sensitive or the dead more pissed.

512

There's a special place in hell for the compassionate. It has a fine view of the proceedings.

513

This demon is beyond evil. He is truthful.

514

What right do you have to wonder how the mendicant spends his coins?

515

He earns them for the service rendered reminding you that you are in a position to give them.

516

Two ways to stamp out poverty… the second one is genocide. I gather the stomach for either is lacking.

517

What’s up with me? Besides having been born, I’m going to die.

518

Other people are walled off from you by skin.

519

Each night and day I pray that I may pray the next day.

520

No more suicidal thoughts, just skin care.

521

I am trained in, and practice, analytic philosophy. We don’t poetize notions but hurl them at walls and sift debris.

522

Poetry can revel in analysis, however. So we cannot escape sometimes sounding evocative.

523

Suffer quietly.

524

It is next to cleanliness.

525

Some people do not exist in isolation. Others do.

526

Curiously, children are shielded from pornography as though it was not what they were going to see for the rest of their lives.

527

When I am alone, there’s no one to remind me of how much I need them.

528

We like to think that if someone who has already killed themselves had reached out to us we might have helped.

529

New Year’s resolution: learn new suicide procrastination skills.

530

Some of us—because of the way we are constituted—need to be more compassionate just to pass.

531

I see elephants in every room I walk into. No one else sees them.

532

The fear is that the objects of their attention will not return scientists their regard. Wariness passes for curiosity.

533

“People will think that pain had made you stupid.” ~Robert Walser

534

Self-crucifixion? Who you trust would not help, who help not trust. So, unless you want to start a religion, your choice is limited.

535

If health was the most important thing, we would kill ourselves while still young and had it.

536

He so loved the caress, the full-on love-making entrained by *la petite mort.* The fear of losing her caused him to die of old age.

537

Love is a private matter. One between one and oneself. Never anybody else.

538

In love, one is freed not to worry about gaining the trust of others. It's not to be had.

539

At the rim of the Tower of Silence, three vultures—Reason, Passion, and Truth—tear at a last bit of flesh. Bone falls through the grate.

540

All my geniuses dead, times I whisper it of myself.

541

Gun problem solution: women—and only women—may own guns. No, *required* to own.

542

Fires his tail-wagging bullets at her ovum. What do you expect?

543

Christians worship their diapers and non-believers clean up after them.

544

Faith has a smell to it. Creation reeks. Proof of existence and the problem of evil all in one.

545

The atheist can’t smell at all. Atheology in a nutshell.

546

Some Christians, not many, can smell. They smell bad.

547

And atheists are incapable of genuine hatred. That is their undoing.

548

Aristophanes' spherical beings sliced like flatfish.

549

They were not punished for being too happy. They were unhappy then, too. But now less bored in their longing.

550

A grief so great for loss of something not yet possessed that we are stricken in anticipation.

551

So few know how grave the responsibility of children is. These few don't have any. Nature banks on the rest.

552

Normativity, *n.* the intensification of matter.

553

This is how the world will end when all matter intensifies and will no more bear itself.

554

Quietly, I root for my friends even though my enemies deserve it more.

555

“The place is overrun with gods.” ~Thales

556

I am that scarce thing, a sensitive zombie. Somehow I misplaced my coffin.

557

Princess Elizabeth wrote to Descartes: show me how your thinking thing pokes. Love was rumored between them. Pure and unpoked.

558

Forget pleasure. Past that. It's triage, now, Bentham, we minimize pain while still possible.

559

My hopes and fears: I fear having hopes…

560

Suffering, a gift. Death takes it away. Cruel death.

561

Poor in conviction… while others puke piles of it to step in.

562

Where the scientist is more apt to be deceived by the behavior of things, the philosopher, above all, by himself.

563

To the Princess and Descartes: the mental does not cause and the physical does not judge. There is no interaction problem.

564

Eros is impersonal, sex subpersonal, love personal… in increasing order of impossibility.

565

“Why bother?” said God, “when I can’t even die to stir gratitude in them for having existed.”

566

The atheist merely reports the news the believer makes: at His funeral, the one digs, the other covers it.

567

God did not die of natural causes. He died suspiciously in a world of assassins.

568

Eros makes us blind to the invisible.

569

“Can’t understand people who do piercing…” Christians understand this

perfectly well.

570

Fatalism is the one luxury unavailable to the powerful.

571

Inexplicably, there is light. Explicably, it goes.

572

Aristotle of me, “Even though he is not yet born, I can tell you I do not like him.”

573

Plato and Aristotle may be forgiven for thinking wisdom could be cultivated juxtaposed to power. Two thousand years on, we cannot be.

574

Born 236 years to the day after Tristram Shandy, I had the misfortune to be conceived by human beings.

575

Secrets so secret their keepers know them not.

576

Secret no. 1: We were raised by wolves. This alone guarantees statecraft will not work.

577

Secret no. 2: We did not evolve. We were created this way. Darwin, the apologist, cannot let God off the hook so easily.

578

Secret no. 3: We positively glow with hatred. Yet gentle when the mood strikes.

579

We evolved to appreciate distance as a tool to subvert morality.

580

Gentle, for all that… gone are the days when we might have stained our clothes red doing survival's bidding.

581

Wolves wear their red.

582

Due to their skill at rationalization, philosophers, historically—and unlike poets—have not been accomplished suicides.

583

The point—the only one—you could have aspired to was to make yourself missed when gone.

584

True, in time, you won't be missed no matter what you do, but…

585

…rather, like Mozart, "To those who give me life I do nothing,…

586

…but those on whose account I am born I leave with painful sensations for the short duration of my life."

587

Imagination, *n.* crowning glory of evolution, more nimble than any knowledge or skill, able to scale heights of impossibility and…

588

…fill your head with lies constructed of truth, and your heart with the desire fitting them,

589

…faster than a speeding bullet at reading into your lover's heart, even making you think you know your own.

590

The cost to society of having philosophers in it is unconscionable.

591

To be told that for everything there is a price to be paid is like sexually abusing a child.

592

Every child WILL be sexually abused. Timing is all. The philosopher

makes of adults children then abuses them.

593

There is no problem of evil. Just evil. Its existence has never been a problem. The problem has been to explain those who notice.

594

For as long as happiness lasts, it either does not consort with love or is in a position to redefine it.

595

Unrequited, the only kind of love there is. Poetic, as noted earlier, the only justice.

596

What dies on the cross stays on the cross. Bunny roadkill. Easter lesson.

597

Philosophy, *n.* peculiar genre of fiction, obsessed with truth, the solid form of the former.

598

My “unconscious,” as rumored as a mouse in a room with no furniture and a hundred cats.

599

To a young man contemplating it, I offer this: suicide is utterly impossible. Take it from me. I didn’t do it and here I am, a zombie.

600

Just a ruse life uses to get away with your murder. Nurse your anger long enough not to let it get its way so easily.

601

Lots of coffin-less people milling about.

602

I was born already remembering what was yet to happen.

603

Zombies, surrounded by newborns. No wonder.

604

The horse I rode in on… is tied up out back, fyi.

605

Slight correction to a political maxim: concentration of power does not breed—rather is synonymous with—corruption.

606

Healthwise, I am a pre-existing condition.

607

My heart builds little shrines to the things it loves. Revisits them everyday forever. As though I were immortal and they memorials.

608

I must love in the past tense. The only real tense available.

609

Zombie food alert: brains are ok, but never eat a mind. They are toxic. As if being dead were not enough, you would have experience of it.

610

Foul weather friend, glutton for heartbreak.

611

Consciousness, an ornament. A flourish, a grace note, a jewel point. Dreg.

612

Life threatens to make you rue it.

613

O, Aristotle, you make of vice virtue. Your moral mediocrity leaves everything to be desired!

614

Give your money away. Before someone does you the favor of taking it.

615

For those for whom happiness is an acquired taste…

616

Stillborn and impervious to torture. No truth can get at him.

617

A labor of love… this is what somehow must be gotten through the thick skull of a would-be suicide that life is.

618

That there is no such thing as a human right to disappointment.

619

Also explains why entrepreneurial spirits should be remunerated in pure spirits.

620

Just as philosophers should be taxed at twice the normal rate. Poverty becomes them.

621

Topic in advanced ethics: pre-sin, early onset atonement. Fall off bridges before you come to them.

622

I am shy around small children. Until they forget what I think they know about me. Until adulthood threatens them.

623

Humans have secrets for which they cannot find words, not even under torture.

624

“Icebreaker exercises” are more effective instruments of dehumanization than extraordinary rendition.

625

The first thing that happens at a social gathering is that you become a little less human.

626

Only among the poor is *noblesse oblige* credible.

627

Buy low, sell high, care less.

628

Off to see the wizard!… heart, mind, courage, I have. An unconscious would be nice… so I could hope with abandon like these zombies.

629

“(To think is to have eyes that aren’t well.)” ~Pessoa

630

I am nearly blind… Were it not for the evil I see, I would be completely.

631

Future generations will forgive us, saps they will be. As we forgive those who made us.

632

How can I blame God or Darwin? Even if one existed and the other was right.

633

I don’t pray anymore. Not because the sky is ungodded but because nothing crawling down here would appreciate the gesture.

634

Contrary to physiology, neither heart nor brain is required for social interaction.

635

Heartbroken, survivors learn how dispensable the heart was.

636

She offers him her medicine, not realizing the heterocosmic nature of his illness.

637

Voluntarily, my heart beats, not for pay. Kick and scream: about the only things it does voluntarily.

638

Shores beckon way off. But a philosopher must tread, ever non-fish, water.

639

In John 3:16, it says, “He so made love to the world…”

640

Or was it rape? No one here consented or was in a position to say no.

641

He neither touches nor is touched by anyone. She makes a living by touching people.

642

What would Jesus do? He'd be fed up. He would not put up with this. He didn't, as a matter of fact.

643

Jesus was roadkill.

644

What a man cannot bear that a woman know: that he secretly envies her victimhood. She, at least, has an excuse for her state.

645

The damage men do is material. They can do this because they do not actually live in the material world—but just to one side.

646

Victims, women, live in it.

647

Not to say women don't do damage… after all, they fire males like bullets from their bodies.

648

Lax as the gun laws are, they don't compare with those for owning a woman.

649

If it could be shared, it wouldn't be what it is. Rather we admire someone else's simply because it is theirs.

650

If it wasn't for my "exes," I'd have no friends at all.

651

No means no, she said. And, of course, it does, except when it means yes. Even then, it *should* mean no.

652

My mother meant no when I was conceived.

653

A terrorist and I have this in common: we share our unease with being in the world.

654

“He may be a philosopher but he’s not hare-brained,” she said magnanimously.

655

A young person has time to do things for love. Later, their time to do anything but will be measured.

656

Senility, loss of wonder at the world, is fast on the heels of puberty.

657

Never a dispute between believers and atheists but between different varieties of the first.

658

Rattle your cage. Rattle till it hurts and then some. Your own cage is conveniently placed.

659

Todo o nada que és é teu. ~Pessoa

660

Fierce thing, my mind. But my heart is too. Frequently at war with each other. I am the landscape in war.

661

“How are you doing?” The skill it would take to answer such a question!

662

I do philosophy for a living. Not in the sense that it pays bills. Rather it helps keep suicide at bay.

663

DSM VI suggestion: Suicide aversion—obsessive self-subjection to stimuli.

664

Do some good before you make off into the sunset alone as you came.

665

Art and anger are not easy company. Art, remember, is first all about lies, about other ways. And anger is beside itself with truth.

666

Never very bright, despite what they say, but now, God is getting crafty. Gotten us to believe he's absent.

667

The reason there are no more saints is because God meddles too much.

668

There is real need for mercy to be infinite.

669

Once young and full of half-assed ideas. Now, still full, but, with the benefit of hind sight, know them to be whole and true.

670

Usually, the other way around: my heart is suicidal, while my head laughs. That I'm still here is a testament to their lack of coordination.

671

Amazing creature to be suspended, strung the way she is, far above the canopy, far below the firmament.

672

Back and forth between no hope and drowning in it. Reason, a distant beach.

673

Imagine if characters in novels had feelings independent of those sketched by the author or imputed by the reader… that's how it is.

674

Such a struggle for a Diogenean to settle for less than all or more than nothing.

675

The wolves who raised me were well bred.

676

Apology comes easy for me. Even when I am right, I apologize for good measure.

677

Curiously, to apologize gives you a reason to apologize.

678

As excuses go, I am a poor one.

679

Social promiscuity has yet unrecognized mental health risks.

680

It makes you stupid in a particularly insidious way because it comes complete with support.

681

Something analogous to a condom for practicing safe social interaction?

682

I stopped believing in God when I learned that you might as well believe in the devil.

683

An atheist from a mile away. They are invisible from a mile away. Worse, up close they are blurry.

684

Christians, divine narcissists, by contrast, impose themselves, not much good for anything.

685

Sartre was wrong. L'enfer, c'est les autres. The warmth of their gaze is insufficient to account for climate change.

686

When God used to play God, we had a target for prayer and blasphemy.

Who now?

687

It will not do to blame ourselves. That's become a cardinal symptom of pathology. And praise, we know, is just etiquette.

688

Pack ice around a racing heart. See which first: the ice melt or the heart stop.

689

I was depressed long before I had reason to be. But it's nice to be offered a reason. The world obliges.

690

Mind and body are related. But the mind cannot know this and the body could not care less. Thus they come apart.

691

What the artist sees in the nude the philosopher scries in the pile of

clothes off to the side.

692

She haunts her clothes. Difficult to see her without them. Why it is impossible to render and so many try.

693

If eyes had eyes to see, they would still be blinded by the arrogance of imagination.

694

“I would sell it if they could afford to pay what it’s worth. Since they can’t, I give it away.” Slut and philosopher think alike.

695

Advisable to like the person you fall in love with.

696

Hapless advice for the misabled.

697

I ask too much, but it is what I am asking. No one asked my permission in the beginning.

698

Impossible to give her anything. It was always hers.

699

The book you hold in your hand should not hold yours.

700

All meaning is personal. Try sharing and the sense leaks out of your words.

701

The first thing people notice about her is the knife sticking in her back.

702

But I see knives sticking out of backs all the time.

703

I have to tell myself a story each day or the world breaks my heart. Scheherazade, will I have as many stories in me?

704

Irony, *n.* tool to pry open space between words for sense to seep in.

705

No one dies. They go through the motions. Like vampires condemned to immortality.

706

On the one hand, I envy you. On the other, I don't.

707

To make a living, sacrifice everything, starting with a career. Otherwise, you will make someone else's.

708

Human-created evil fills the time during which nature is distracted from hers.

709

Death is unimaginably casual.

710

The earth quivers with longing to be like us. She musses her hair to stir something into motion. Incidentally, we die.

711

Morality is the treatment for a disorder women typically do not suffer from.

712

The world is populated by children whose genitalia signal, for better or worse, their respective worlds.

713

Spit them out as pits or swallow them whole. Psychologically, we are always preparing to eat each other or already have. Psychovores.

714

Psychotherapy is like vomiting.

715

How am I doing?… Still here for you to ask. Working toward a natural death.

716

The cans dragged ruthlessly behind the nuptial cart will know their revenge.

717

We might have better luck if we treated inanimate objects with more concern. The universe is mostly inanimate.

718

Consider that the rich are the pets of the poor. Our love for them is such that there is nothing we will not sacrifice for them.

719

No man, Tiresias knew, enjoys true rapture but in hers. Hers, because it is never wholly hers, in the end, is all that matters.

720

Mattering came forth from between her legs.

721

“I ain’t never had no…” The logic is correct. “I can’t get no…” not so much.

722

Today, here. Still here. An achievement.

723

“You hide that you hate me and I hide that I know.” Rwandan courtesy.

724

I used to be very wealthy. Now I am poor enough to pay taxes.

725

The poor we have always (Mark 14:7), the rich for as long as the poor decide to keep them.

726

“Sex… is meaningless without interpretation.” David Denby comments on von Trier’s *Nymphomaniac.* With interpretation it is called “making love” or “rape.”

727

Instead of a crucifix to adorn steeples, cemeteries, and necks, it would have been a stylized figure of a woman chained to a bedpost…

728

…if God had deigned to send us his only begotten daughter. Instead of a cross, a bedpost.

729

From back far enough everything looks absurd. Or meaningless, take your pick. The mind recoils from the first, the heart from the second.

730

Philosophy, the real thing, is an odd career. Success requires being dead.

731

No subject more serious than sex. Beside it, death is laughable.

732

The forgetful have a rich unconscious. Unable to forget, I have a starved one.

733

Guilt was invented to keep memory fit.

734

Life, death, and the universe will us part, but the earth where I am buried will be scorched by the memory of those I carried torches for.

735

Socratic humility: I am an idiot but you make me look smart.

736

Don’t put any thoughts in her head. They won’t fit. Just listen. Not that hers would fit in yours.

737

Gravestone: “Think kindly of me… the most I could have done for you in your shoes.”

738

The light at the end of the tunnel is really a candle. Get on your knees. God or no God, doesn’t matter. Thus you cut a graceful figure.

739

The cynic is not a pessimist. It was bad in the past, worse now, and you have to be a fool not to notice a trend—and not be amused.

740

Climate change is a singular triumph of cooperation, of people and nature working together.

741

The truth is an unfaithful friend. You will be far less lonely surrounded by lies.

742

I generate business for therapists.

743

The difference between “together alone” and “alone together.” One a thrill in elevators, the other in protracted, unhappy relationships.

744

I won’t be proven wrong. Alas.

745

As theories go, evolution, because it predicts its own belief, is suspicious. The defect is psychological, not logical. Like Anselm’s proof.

746

It is easy to do the right thing when you just don’t care. (Maria von Herbert to Kant)

747

It never ceases to amaze me that words sport meaning.

748

Because I can see, I am blind. You have your dreams at night. I, in broad daylight.

749

“Shhhh!… You are thinking too loud!”

750

Anyone can do loneliness well by themselves. It takes an expert to do it in the company of others.

751

Chickens do it. Apparently philosophers can’t. Cross the street. (Insight owing to Neil deGrasse Tyson.)

752

No one tires of asking. But notice the sequence of events. Chickens cross. Only then we ask why. Philosophers get this backwards.

753

I should be in jail… As it is, I resort to fantasies about going to jail

without having to hurt anyone.

754

I wonder how many commit crimes merely to spend time alone.

755

Even if there were no hell there would be by the time we get there.

756

A terminal illness prematurely numbered her days. It was both sexy and sad to contemplate.

757

Foreplay cut short by an afterlife.

758

Unrequited, the only kind of love there is. It is forever. Tedium will not spoil. And reason to not fully love the one you love.

759

In ancient times, when there were still gads of gods loose, we used to believe otherwise.

760

Suspiciously present at accident sites but never participant. They have learned by now never to ask me what I think.

761

Love and respect. Respect is a moral notion. Love knows no such thing. The two in tandem will have nothing to do with each other.

762

If we insist on both, it is because we trust neither entirely.

763

Some infatuation! God forbid I should fall in love.

764

Philosophers really are in love with death. They smell of it. She must have a touch of necrophilia to be entertained by one.

765

For love. Philosophers do it.

766

Fall in love and suddenly you notice you are alone.

767

If the relationship survives, it does by absorbing the other into the self. Enduring, bearable love is self-love.

768

We love ourselves because it is the only sustainable love. If you notice another, *you* have been forsaken.

769

I have a taste for pain. Unsuitable material for utility.

770

The author, the other people on the plane, along with the manuscript of his novel, were minced and rained over the countryside.

771

Scraps fell thirty thousand feet. Some recovered and legible ones include these.

772

The mirror doesn’t care and doesn’t mind telling you so.

773

I know too much about moral theory for my own good.

774

Historically speaking, there is no hope. In the morning, if (not when) you open your eyes, there is.

775

You can see far away if you can see very close.

776

Creation bears stress marks. Those of experience on its maker. God comprises all the superlatives. But “none happier” is not one.

777

Skilled at dreaming with eyes wide open.

778

There exists a possible world in which my ability to show concern is diminished in comparison with this one: wherein I *could* care less.

779

She refers to it as a collaborative friendship. My heart calls her an enemy non-combatant.

780

Not a pack animal, not only will I not hang out with you but I won't carry your burden.

781

As a boy, I designed tall buildings to jump off of in a single bound.

782

Her ex-to-be accused her of being unfit to mother their son. She was dying of a malignant brain tumor.

783

Ex-to-be screeches his car to a halt, shouts at me as we enter her car: “Hope you know you are dating my wife!… shorty like you.”

784

It’s all true. She was tall. Nothing funnier than adding insult to injury. Her painted smile twitched. I touched her shoulder.

785

She stopped her Mini next to the concrete culvert she designed for the highway department. It was the most beautiful culvert I’d ever seen.

786

“Humiliation is a waste,” she said, meaning to console… How hard to feel the object of everyone’s pity.

787

Freud and Jung made much of them—dreams, while it is banal reverie that cries for interpretation.

788

Two never meant to be know each other less and less the longer together.

789

I've taken up a new sin. Adultery. I especially covet other men's wives. These know something the others don't.

790

We met late in life. Near the end. Dear Karla.

791

I don't have the heart to say anything but lies. Except here. Where thankfully they go unheard.

792

I remember well the things people would say. I was writing posthumously then.

793

The dots have been available a long time. I merely connect a few.

794

There are no morals to be had, no lessons to learn. Any wisdom you take away I fear you brought with you.

795

Misability, *n.* vaguely culpable inability, somewhat willful. “He couldn’t be happy like the others. He was misabled in this way.”

796

“Better stand than walk, sit than stand, still better lie, better still die, best: never to have been born.” ~Indian proverb.

797

In settling for less we settle for more. And finally settle once and forever.

798

God is very romantic. It is no vindication but I understand why.

799

I can worship no god with the poisoned imagination of the one responsible for this.

800

The Decalogue made luxurious use of stone. God would tweet his commandments now. One would do: “Thou shalt give a damn.”

801

Refrigerator magnets care about refrigerators. So much for ethics.

802

When I die of suicide or procrastination, whichever comes first, I hope to be remembered uncomfortably.

803

yo soy como el chile verde… picante pero sabroso…

804

…when neither could have harbored any thought but the pure joy of each other’s company, before puberty inserted one thought too many.

805

In re Galton: whatever wisdom emerges gratuitously from the masses is rendered null by their collective stupidity.

806

In a previous life, the world rejected him. In this one, he has not forgotten.

807

Natural selection: by way of excuse, she said she was picky. She must have had a low opinion of herself thinking I wasn't.

808

In bleeding alone, women and men are equal. Her wounds marked by the moon, his by culpable perforations.

809

Have I ever been in love? Never one moment not. My breathing depends on it.

810

Lips are paid service. Women paint them. Men want to be engulfed by them.

811

A self-ascribed “philosopher” is just joking.

812

There must be more to life than happiness.

813

Philosopher’s restroom: “P and not-P. Leave contradictions here.”

814

Cats conduce to atheism. They insist on worship. God or cat, but not both.

815

Born lovers, philosophers. The more so if they mistake, happily or not, wisdom for a woman.

816

It took me sometime to realize that philosophy is really about skin care.

817

In the beginning, there was truth… and it was bad. Then God said, “Let there be lying.”

818

All about sex and death, she said. Alive in fear of one and never even that without the other.

819

Those omni-traits are a bit of burden to live up to.

820

A more modest conception would paint God as mega-nice, something of a know-it-all, and, to judge from creation, pretty darn resourceful.

821

Merely to believe, I have to know so much more than I do.

822

“We can blink but we can’t wink,” says the determinist.

823

“But I am a petite god. I can trash existence if I have a mind to. Suicide is possible!”

824

Aside from having fallen in love, I’ve never done anyone any harm.

825

Cynical and romantic, dead, his body finessed its decomposition.

826

Just because it is the right thing to do doesn’t mean you should always do it…

827

Fiction *n.* that which happens to be true coincidentally.

828

Happiness and righteousness. Why is it that, in addition to one, we want the other? What could one add to the other?

829

The loneliness of other people. Not their loneliness, but that of being near them.

830

…whirlpools of self-justification

831

I whisper into my secret lover's ear secrets so whispered she does not hear.

832

I tell myself a new story nightly. Stop midstory as dawn looms. Like Scheherazade. Or the king will behead me. I play the king also.

833

Scream of consciousness… downhill… only death to stop you… runaway trolley… no utilitarian lever handy.

834

Nature has no interest in us. Never forget that.

835

For a spell, she needed an audience. The moment passed.

836

“Q: What is the worst thing a person can forget? A: Your current lover’s name while in bed with them…” (C. Oas)

837

“Dear Betty, I hate you. Love, George.” Tweetable 19th century suicide note.

838

Ask me to do anything and I will—except not be slave to your love.

839

Disorders now sport symptoms once thought ennobling.

840

Is order a symptom? Is mathematics pathology?

841

The right side sees the dots. The left connects them, adding more as needed and for good measure. (Michael Gazzaniga, psychologist)

842

The left tells the right stories. The right tells the left facts. Facts kill stories. The left is romantic.

843

It is a fact, for example, that “love lasts forever til it dies.” (Tom Rapp) Also, that it has an afterlife.

844

(Careful, what I think… it might be true.)

845

You… I know less and less about. Me… an existence I sometimes imagine. “We” presumes too much.

846

I don’t know anything. I just repeat what I hear.

847

Romance, *n.* from the eyes, mists of normativity spray over all the surveilled.

848

Smoke gets in my eyes and, for an instant, reality fails to keep covered the part of her surface I am not supposed to see.

849

In bed, yet—suddenly—as she did not come she went.

850

Having eaten from that tree, God knew we could not then be trusted to love.

851

Reason keeps well up to the point that it estranges answers. Thereafter it spoils rapidly.

852

A good philosopher must wear low self-esteem like a badge of honor.

853

Befriend your lover. Just in case.

854

Sit on a swinging bench with her in the woods and wonder why just this moment will never happen again.

855

Or ever did.

856

To lie with conviction requires knowing the truth. Not so much then, that we lie, but that we fail to convince.

857

Truth be told, beauty is limited.

858

But if lies are permitted, so powerful a thing as death cowers before the spectacle of how a living thing apes conviction.

859

She was alive. But for her whim I would not be.

860

She said she was polyamorous and that I would have to share her with God.

861

How can you not dream all day and sleep at night?

862

The fit survive long enough to mourn the less fit.

863

Slow as it is, evolution is fast. It overtakes our “sell-by” date.

864

Etiquette and nothing else stands between him and death. Etiquette sometimes is barely adequate.

865

As vulnerable as a woman wearing nothing but artfully knotted rope strung up from the rafters.

866

If only my own was as comprehensible as the sadness of others.

867

The world I know haunts me.

868

Porn stars need love, too.

869

The truth disrobes slowly. One scrap at a time. Until she disappears.

870

The virtue of clarity is obscure. A solution is found. But not for the original puzzle.

871

She showed me pictures of herself suspended from rafters wearing only ropes.

872

Arrivals displayed in hell show the hand basket on time.

873

Perverse creature, philosopher, scab-picker.

874

I made love to a woman that other men can only see with their eyes and not touch with their hands.

875

I believe two things. That it’s true and that it’s sad.

876

No means no. In case it escaped your attention earlier, death will insist.

877

Talk so small it settles like dust.

878

“You don’t HAVE to, I can show you a (different) way out,—but you won’t take it.” ~Wittgenstein

879

“Fate determines many things, no matter how we struggle.” ~Weininger

880

And the things fate *doesn’t* determine? That happens when fate and we are on the same page.

881

Nudes: either can be either but when a woman is beautiful and a man ugly, it is art.

882

Excessive income leads to excessive wealth. My only objection.

883

Victims get what they deserve. Victimizers live to get it another day.

884

The only moral justification for the rich is that the poor want them that way so they may dream.

885

Not interested in a wider audience.

886

Pardon my selfishness but I am actually concerned about the truth of what I am saying.

887

A wider audience—now, before I am dead—would involve a conflict of interest.

888

A true story based on a true story.

889

The mad accuse the suicidal of haste.

890

Facts, by definition, don’t matter.

891

Bliss has a creative relationship with time. This is how it can be forever.

892

The kindest thing you may say about them is that they know not what they do.

893

In a dozen or so words the meaning of a thousand.

894

No better place to start than before the beginning.

895

Stupidity positively correlates with age because we forget how smart we were before.

896

If children are ever innocent, it is before they can remember.

897

Knees evolved not for prayer but its pretense.

898

People don’t change. The good news is they die.

899

Simplicity where it does not naturally occur and complexity when it suits us.

900

The truth is frightened of us, too. And it runs fast, speedier still than light.

901

Guilty by reason of insanity.

902

It is evil. Merely to think.

903

Write fiction on purpose? I write it accidentally as philosophers are wont.

904

She had the cold steel blue eyes and confidence of a surgeon.

905

The truly homeless are homeless in their homes.

906

The world keeps getting better everyday and will for eternity without notable improvement.

907

The moral horizon recedes.

908

Evil, *n.* that which forces reflection, a disturbance in the flow of information.

909

A rich and full life is fittingly capped off with death.

910

Lies can be expressed with great precision and clarity.

911

To function among others, I must hoard doubt.

912

This late in the civilization game, there are only two choices: tell the truth or watch kitties on youtube.

913

American, *n.* a person who—or whose ancestors—came to this country uninvited and lives here now.

914

An honest inquiry, eyes wide shut, never begins cynically. It ends joyously.

915

The aphorism is dark. Anything less curt betrays optimism.

916

It is healthy to tell the truth whenever the urgency of lying relents.

917

Amigos Mexicanos, reconsider your refusal to pay for the wall. Cheap, Americans will not pay and you will need it soon to keep them out.

918

If in doubt, offend everyone.

919

In the beginning, all quotes were scary. We still quote to cite authority, as though afraid to fully own our pronouncements.

920

I dreamed I was abandoned by the only one whoever loved me.

921

We were married. Not all at once but over the course of many years. Over the course of many years we separated.

922

Democracies die from a million tiny cuts.

923

My spirit suffers insomnia. If I didn't have a body, I would be awake all the time.

924

I do damage by mishandling the truth. By telling it.

925

Avoid clichés and it gets very quiet.

926

Not a believer in the efficacy of the ballot. As meaningful as your used toilet paper.

927

Atheist, *n.* someone who insists there is virtue in not believing in what does not exist.

928

Nature is indifferent to commentary, rational or otherwise.

929

The place teems with people who never had a clue.

930

Only one person at a time may approach God and either kneel before or spit on him. Cowards, *en masse* and alike, believer and atheist.

931

A true Christian is an atheist.

932

But you don’t have to be an atheist to think Christianity idiotic, you can be a Christian and think it, too.

933

Raised by wolves, there were teeth marks all over her.

934

Forgive them, for they know exactly what they do.

935

The world is populated by rapists.

936

A perfectly rational person would not seek to end their life for the same reason they would not seek to preserve it.

937

Born omniscient, a lifetime was consumed in making me stupid.

938

I don't recall being alone before I was born. I am hoping it will be that way again after death.

939

Truth, the first casualty of love. Odd. Since one is no more significant than the other.

940

"No" means "no" and *nothing* could possibly mean "yes," let alone "yes."

941

I am alone because it is evil of me to rob people of their hope.

942

It is because they want to live that they desire death.

943

Self-foolery.

944

Enjoying survival.

945

Except by mistake, I have never loved anyone.

946

I will love you from afar. Always.

947

It’s also not true that all saints go to heaven. From here I see Saint Anthony tormented by a lovely airfish with the face of Mother Teresa.

948

We must educate these stones before they do us. Gravity favors hell.

949

He wanted. She was. Here.

950

Oh?

951

There is great beauty in hell. Plato was wrong. Pure epicaricacy.

To write is to weep.

~ Guaman Poma (1616)

28

Otto Weininger (1880 - 1903), Viennese philosopher, whose book *Geschlecht und Charakter* (“Sex and Character”) was vastly influential worldwide in the first third of the 20th Century, since ignored or maligned as a misogynist and Jewish anti-Semite. In an, as yet, unpublished commentary, Luno is concerned to set Weininger’s legacy straight. Much of Luno’s critique draws inspiration from Weininger’s misexecuted but profound project. Luno is convinced that it is almost impossible to address truth without being misunderstood. “Truth does not cohere with the instinct to survive,” he writes. The thought owes much to Weininger, whose short life embodied the thought, philosophical performance artist like few others.

99

Allusion to *The Epic of Gilgamesh* (c. 2100 - 1000 BCE), probably the oldest literary work in the Western world; in oral form, undatable. Herbert Mason’s verse translation was especially moving for Luno, who believes the story of Enkidu’s demise ties sex and death to the birth of consciousness. Enkidu’s dying words are a primeval expression of *post coitum triste*. The notion is addressed in Aristotle. The full mot, possibly due to Galen, has come down as *triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem gallumque*. “After sex, all living creatures are sad, except roosters and women.” Spinoza, Freud, and Roland Barthes have also noted and expanded the concept. It recurs as a theme in literature, film, and dance. The inapplicability to women has been questioned, but likely,

so applied, has a very different phenomenology and semantics. “Women may be excused, since without them the very possibility of morality would be moot, but, as for roosters,” Luno elsewhere quips, “they are void of remorse, and symbols of male depravity.”

127

Emily Dickinson, “Of Consciousness, her awful Mate,” (894).

204

It is not clear that Stein ever said quite this. She is reported to have said something related when asked who she wrote for, the forbidding obscurity of her writing in mind. She wrote for herself and a few friends, she said. Her friends present, she glanced at them, and revised the claim, “Maybe just myself.”

294

Samuel Beckett, “They give birth astride a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it’s night once more.” Pozzo in *Waiting for Godot*.

312

The reference is to a line of Clarice Lispector, according to Luno in conversation, that I have not been able to locate.

315-17

A famous passage from Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, as translated by Lydia Davis: "…since none of us can ever express the exact measure of our needs, or our ideas, or our sorrows, and human speech is like a cracked kettle on which we beat out tunes for bears to dance to, when we long to move the stars to pity."

319

Juan Ramón Jiménez, *Platero and I*, "Platero, if someday I toss myself into the well, it won't be to kill myself, believe me, but to grasp the stars more swiftly." Translation by Luno.

321-322

Arvo Pärt "Spiegel Im Spiegel,"/"Mirror in the mirror."

465-4

In unpublished correspondence, Luno describes this effort, as an autobiographical novel "possibly titled, *Partially Based on an Untrue Story*; these, notes for it. It consists entirely of notes. Nothing of continuity to force anything else." It is constructed from word and phrase scraps rained from the sky, the remains of a manuscript whose author, among others, died in a mid-flight explosion.

533

From Walser's story "Response to a Request."

585-6

Riddle from a reported conversation between Mozart and Constanze, translation by Emily Anderson, set to music by the composer Michael Nyman in *Mozart 252* (2008).

591

Cesare Pavese (*The Burning Brand*) and Clarice Lispector (*Crônicas*) both express related sentiments.

629

Fernando Pessoa, *The Keeper of Sheep II*, translation by Richard Zenith.

659

Fernando Pessoa, "All the nothing you are is yours." From the poem "Cat who plays on the street," translation by Richard Zenith.

Paraphrase of Immanuel Kant on the adiaphorous trait/feature of women. Kant explicitly exiled women from the realm moral agency as he conceived it. Deemed simple sexism today, Luno, following his understanding of Weininger, prefers a transvaluative interpretation of this Kantian *obiter dicta*. “It is a cure for a disease women do not get,” Luno often rephrases it. Weininger educed the consequence that it is men —not women—that *start* from a position of moral depravity, and, for whom, exclusively, the reigning moral theory, Kant’s, was devised.

727-728

Reference to Lars von Trier’s 2003 film *Dogville* which Luno pictures as allegory: the Passion re-staged with God’s only begotten daughter, Grace, in place of Jesus. She would not have been crucified, rather, chained to a bed and gang raped. The story, thus transposed, forgiveness would not be forthcoming. Murder is forgiveable. Excuses can be conjured. Rape, however, is not. And none can.

746

Maria von Herbert, a young student and devotee of Kant, in a 1793 letter, calls attention to the callousness of his skyscraping morality. She had elicited his advice on a matter of truth and the heart. Kant had advised her not to lie about her virginity to her fiancée. She didn’t. The fiancée broke the engagement. “My vision is clear now,” she wrote to Kant, “I feel that a vast emptiness extends inside me, and all around me —so that I almost find myself to be superfluous, unnecessary. Nothing attracts me. I’m tormented by a boredom that makes life intolerable.

Don't think me arrogant for saying this, but the demands of morality are too easy for me. I would eagerly do twice as much as they command. They only get their prestige from the attractiveness of sin, and it costs me almost no effort to resist that." The desolation concluded in her suicide. It is not clear whether Kant grasped the full implications of her challenge, unless, we consistently interpret Kant's "law-struck" moral philosophy—as Luno does (e.g., in 711 and note above)—as cure for a disease women do not get. For more on von Herbert, see Rae Langton, "Duty and Desolation," *Philosophy* 67, 1992.

803

Line from the classic Mexican folk song "La Llorona."

890

"To matter" is a fundamental expression of what philosophers currently call "normativity," the act of which Luno sometimes vernacularizes as "giving a damn."

896

"Can one be guilty of being innocent?" from Jean-Luc Godard, *France/Tour/Detour/Deux/Enfants* (documentary film, 1978)

“For instance, it is the nature of a stone to move downwards, and it cannot be trained to move upwards, even though you should try to train it to do so by throwing it up into the air ten thousand times…” Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*.